

WOLVES OF THE SEA BY RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

It was as though my brain snapped back into ascendancy. I was no longer a raging fury, mad with the desire to kill, but cool-headed, planning escape.

"Watkins," I called sharply back over my shoulder, "Get the boats ready and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report.

I had glimpse of the thick fog without as he pushed through the door, and of a scarcely distinguishable group of men on the deck.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?" "Oui, m'sieur, Ravel DeLasser."

"Good; now strike hard, lads, and you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance.

"Only hand weapons," broke in Carter. "There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was goin' ter break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Clasp of the Sea.

The sounds of voices and of moving bodies were plainly discernible, but the darkness was too dense below to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! a dozen form with me. Now bullies, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck.

We met them, point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glimmer of light at our backs.

"Now you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck.

"Who are you?" "Watkins. The boats are ready. The one forward has pushed off loaded. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me and DeLasser fell, a pike thrust through him.

a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lash of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through.

"Now you hell-hounds—now! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you've got to go through, bullies—there is no other way to the deck. Rush 'em! That's the way! Here you go—in outside the rail! Broth of hell! Now you have him, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I saw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass clashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the ruck beneath.

It was the Dutchman, Schmitt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear to the deck, except for the dead under foot.

"Get back, men!" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs."

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rail to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of angry voices, but no movement of assault. What they would do next was answered by a blaze of light, revealing the silhouette of a man, engaged in touching flame to a torch of hemp.



The First Rush was Reckless and Deadly.

It flung forth a dull yellow flare, and revealed a scene of horror. Our assailants were massed halfway back. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere.

"Now you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em! Come on! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. I sent the cleaver hurtling through the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down, his last word a shriek, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow.

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stepped out of sight in the fog, as somewhere aboard."

"Never mind him; the fellow can do no harm now. Move back slowly lads. Schmitt and I will be the last ones out."

We closed the companion door as silently as possible and for the moment there was no sound from within to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed.

"There is nothing more to keep us aboard lads. Stow yourselves away and hang on; I'll wait here until you are all over."

They faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone, listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below.

I ran through the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken scarcely three steps when I collided against the form of a man, whose presence was not even noticed until we came together.

It was LeVere's life or mine, and in the balance the fate of those others in the waiting boat alongside. The knowledge gave me the strength and the ferocity of a tiger.

He must have been behind us at the steering oar, for his gruff, kindly voice sounded very close.

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe better. How's that, Captain?" "Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Open Boat.

I came back to a consciousness of pain, unable at once to realize where I was, or feel any true sense of personality. Then slowly I comprehended that I rested in a boat, tossed about by a fairly heavy sea; that it was night and there were stars visible in the sky overhead.

"Mistress Fairfax—Dorothy!" "Yes—yes," swiftly. "It is all right, but you must lie still. Watkins, Captain Carlyle is conscious. What shall I do?"

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe better. How's that, Captain?"

"Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

"LeVere." "That's what I told the lads. He's a gonner, I reckon?"

"I never saw him after we sank. Are all the men here?"

"All but those in the forward boat, sir. They got away first, an' we ain't had no sight of 'em since. Maybe we will when it gets daylight. Harwood's in charge. I give him a compass, an' told him ter steer west. Was the right?"

"All I could have told him. I haven't had an observation, and it is all guess work. I know the American coast lies to that direction, but that is about all I couldn't tell if it be a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles away. I must have been in bad shape when you pulled me in?"

"We thought you was gone, sir. You was bleedin' some, too, but only from flesh wounds. The young lady she just wouldn't let yer die. She worked over yer for two or three hours, sir afore I hed any hope."

Her eyes were downcast and her face turned away, but I reached out my hand and clasped her fingers. The mystery of the night and ocean was far her motionless posture. Only as her hand gently pressed mine did I gain courage, with a knowledge that she recognized and welcomed my presence.

"Watkins says I owe my life to you," I said, so low the words were scarcely audible above the dash of water alongside. "It will make that life more valuable than ever before."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

French photographers have developed a process for treating negatives by which the effect of stereoscopic relief is produced in pictures.



Care of the Shoes.

Shoes have soared in price even faster and higher than other necessities, and shoe men tell us that prospects for their coming down to anything like reasonable prices are not at all cheerful.

The everyday walking shoe, like the tailored suit, is the most important item in the selection of footwear. Two pairs of these of substantial leather and comfortable heels must be worn alternately and maintained in good repair, for the sake of appearance and economy.

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A pair of shoe trees is necessary for every pair of shoes and whenever a shoe is off the foot the shoe tree should be placed in it. Next in importance to this is the sort of dressing used. It is economy to discover and buy the best—that is, one that contains some oil and will not harm the leather.

Driving a motorcar is hard on shoes. The back of the shoe above the heel gets scuffed out and needs protection. Clever women use a pair of sox to protect the shoes in the car. They cut out the toes of these and slip them on over the shoes while driving. It is easy to slip them off and on.

Linen canvas shoes for summer wear remarkably well. In these as in leather shoes the secret of keeping them a long time lies in keeping them in repair—not allowing them to get much run down before getting them to the shop for repairs.

Lovely Extravagances in Lingerie



Love of luxury joining forces with prosperity, lures women into such lovely extravagances as this exquisite undergarment. It makes no pretense of being practical and is presented without excuse, except that "if eyes were made for seeing—then beauty is its own excuse for being."

The combination shown in the picture utilizes plaited georgette in flesh color, and rather wide Val lace and the body and skirt are joined by a lace beading backed by a band of georgette. The skirt is made up of alternating long and short panels, the bottom of each one finished with lace.

Very beautiful and luxurious but more practical garments are made of crepe de chine in good quality. Hand-crochet yokes, with ribbon shoulder

straps, need only to have a straight slip of crepe de chine gathered on to form a chemise. It is finished with narrow crochet or Val lace at the bottom, whipped on by hand and provided with two small buttons and buttonholes for joining the front of the skirt to the back.

Julia Bottomley

Organdie Gowns.

The heavy lincens which used to be so popular for morning gowns have been put to flight by the alluring crispness of organdie. One-piece dresses simply made with deep rolled collars, tucked skirts and wide sashes are developed in the most beautiful shades of organdie, coral pink, rose, yellow and orange, pale orchid and deeper violet, cool blues, gray and taupe.

Net Stockings Now.

Sheer lisle and silk hosiery, it seems, is not cool enough for summer days. Net stockings are the thing now—at least one sees them in the shops displayed with the newest models in buckled slippers and smart buttoned walking boots.

A Young Girl well groomed is an attractive sight.

Red Cross Ball Blue if used in the laundry will give that clean, dainty appearance that everyone admires. All good grocers sell it; 5 cents a package.

BELCHING Caused by Acid-Stomach

Let EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy, give you quick relief from disgusting belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloated, gassy stomach, dyspepsia, heartburn and other stomach miseries. They are all caused by Acid-Stomach from which about nine tenths of the population in one way or another. One writes as follows: "Before I used EATONIC, I could not eat a bite without belching it right up, sour and bitter. I have not had a bit of trouble since the first tablet."

Millions are victims of Acid-Stomach without knowing it. They are weak and ailing, have poor digestion, bodies improperly nourished although they may eat heartily. Grave disorders are likely to follow if an acid-stomach is neglected.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

Smiley—I hope you won't mind if I bring a couple of friends home to dinner tonight, my dear? Mrs. Smiley—Oh, no; that is better than being brought home by a couple of friends after dinner.

"BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve headache, toothache, earache, neuralgia, colds and pain.

Keep Electric Fan Busy. An electric fan properly placed in an open doorway or window will quickly chase away the flies and mosquitoes and doubtless scatter the mischief-making microbes.

AS YOUNG AS YOUR KIDNEYS

The secret of youth is ELIMINATION OF POISONS from your body. This done, you can live to be a hundred and enjoy the good things of life with as much pep as you did when in the springtime of youth. Keep your body in good condition, that's the secret. Watch the kidneys. They filter and purify the blood, all of which blood passes through them once every three minutes.

Money is called the circulating medium because it is difficult to circulate without it. How superior an old dodger with eight hairs on his head looks at a bald-headed man.

MURINE Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tingle, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.